whether these were her children. She answered, "Yes," looking around at them with an expression of obvious pride and pleasure. How many children had she? " Thirteen. Some were in the field, the older ones." Where was her husband? In the army? " Husband?" She had no husband. Was he dead, leaving her alone with so many children? Without the slightest embarrassment she answered that she never had had any husband; and in response to my further question whether she really had never been married, she simply shook her head with an expression, not of vexation, but rather of surprise* as if she did not quite understand what I might mean. I left her, greatly puzzled. When I met my friend, the old farmer, again, I asked him about her; he replied that she was a very decent and industrious woman, who took good care of her children, and that there were several such cases around there.

I do not mean to say that those,cases portrayed the general state of civilization in a large tract of country. In some of the valleys, or " coves," I found people, indeed, quite illiterate, but intellectually far more advanced and more conversant with the moralities of civilized society. But even among them, instances such as I have described appeared sporadically, while in some more secluded districts they represented the rule. What surprised me most was that such people were mostly of pure Anglo-Saxon stock, here and there interspersed with

Scotch-Irish, very clearly demonstrating that the element of race is by no means the only one determining the progressive capacities or tendencies of a population, but that even the most vigorous races may succumb in their development to the disfavor of surrounding circumstances. These people, in their seclusion, were simply left behind by the progressive move-ments going on at a distance.

About the 20th of October we learned, first by rumor, and